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All Sorts of
hurts and many sorts of ails of
man and beast need a cooling
lotion. Mustang Liniment.

Neither intellectual culture, nor a culture, is sufficient of itself to produce a society from pronounced moral degeneration. Nay, in some respects, refined aestheticism which may be a crowning grace of civilization is likely to open the door to the enemy to shut it. It was not in homely, austere Sparta that the brutal vices reached their ultimate development in Greece, but in Athens, then the center of the world's culture. So clearly was this the case, that some words which

—It is the opinion of many thoughtful English economists that there will be no revival of village industries until there shall be invented a motor to take the place of steam, and capable of being used without large expense for plant.

—Mystery is another name for our ignorance; if we were omniscient, all would be perfectly plain.—*Tryon Edwards.*

in Mexico. He did not perceive, as blind was he, that while he strove to govern the world he sacrificed France. That everlasting dreamer, who did not even awake at Sedan, was a sort of ice-bound hell, paved with good intentions. He partook of De Saint-Pierre's longings for perpetual peace. He gathered inspirations from all the reformers who planned the happiness of nations. He retained in his soul the generosity of Queen Hortense and of Josephine, his mother and grandmother. He never refused aught except to himself.

Now, what do you think of that? Brown.—Well, I don't know. I don't see that you can account for it excepting in one way: that some of the party were truthful and all the rest were sober.—*Some*

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